

Dear Diane,

2/15/74

Your letter of the 11th leaves no doubt<sup>i</sup> back in antiquity, when someone first used the phrase bloody but unbowed, he had you in mind. That long before yourtime.

Especially your time in isolation.

Now I think you must be maligning that fine, southern chivalrous, kindly Texas gentleman Top Badge. I am sure the reason he threw you in the hole is not because you used naughty words to allegedly describe him. It is, rather, because you offended his sensibilities. My, my, such language! If they had soap there you'd have a mouthful!

Tsk, tsk.

Is it because your fellow (?) inmates also are such sensitive souls that they beat a way into your brains, fracturing that hard head? Did they come to the defense of good old Texas Gentlemanly honor? Or was it love for the good Knight? You don't say why they let you have it.

You also don't say what it was that considerate gentleman did - or allegedly did - that provoked all that unladylike language?

That Huey got religion, especially Zen, is news to me. Last I heard he was living in some luxury. In a penthouse for security. Closer to heaven and better for meditation?

Do they have a censor at Sam Houston University? Or were your writings sent there because they are compiling a dictionary of/the unprintable? Or maybe now the formerly unprintable? Do you think the Houston ladies are yet ready for the purple I see?

If it seems that I have trouble separating fact from fantasy (which is often true) that is not full explanation of my befuddlement. In part it is because with all those words, even those the epitome of ladilike expression (few as they are!), I have no idea what has been laid on you other than a hunk of the national debt for bail.

You musta started a hangnail epidemic among the longhorns. One something as bad.

What I'm doing is a bit of the same. Nothing new. Just much.

But I do get sleepier easier. Like now. Can't keep eyes open. So, good night,

Sincerely,

Harold Weisberg

Can there be a bone she hasn't claim has been broken during the incarceration?  
Only something like the funnybone.

I see no reason for avoidance of the charges, so I wonder if there can be an ellipsis I did not get.

Now Huey Newton as a penpal? "e ain't the only one "farout sometimes."

11 Feb. 1977  
Isolation

Dear Harold,

A lot has happened since I last wrote you but here I am back in solitary again. This time for calling "Top Badge" (Lt. Knight) a pig mother fucker - well he is. Also a bunch of inmates decided to beat my brains out so I'm in here with a fractured skull (right over my left ear) and bleed is all the time running out of my ear. Have you ever tried to eat a plate of beans with blood running down your face - dripping off your chin into your food? Well if I didn't realize that blood was so full of protein, I'd freak me out. The Doctor here that I saw Friday wanted to send me to the hospital but Top Badge said No. He's so sweet - that pig mother fucker.

I did some writing in here last time and the pigs got a hold of it and presented it to Sam Houston University so how about that number?

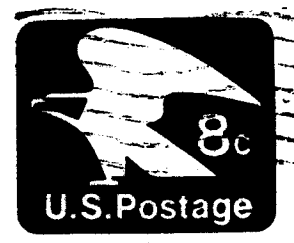
One of my favorite correspondants is Huey ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~. He's head of the Black Panther Party and spent 2 years in solitary. Through the mail, he is teaching me all about Zen Budda meditations. He's a cool dude and you'd love him. He's kind of far out sometimes though.

What have you been up to lately? Before I got sent to solitary I had a job in the laundry room here. Of course my first day at work I unionized it. We worked for all the pigs free world coffee and their free world cigarettes. Even the pigs said the work got better even. I also got to and still get to steal every time I go to the office. I get a kick out of ripping off the pigs.

Well I got the birds so had better close for now.

Love to you Both  
Diane

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